

Class Suively

The Indian Helper.

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOLUME III. CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER, 14, 1887. NUMBER 10.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
 Love him, yes, and let him know
 That you love him, ere life's evening
 Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
 Why should good words ne'er be said
 Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
 By its humble pleading tone,
 Join it. Do not let the seeker
 Bow before his God alone.
 Why should not your brother share
 The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
 From a sorrowing brother's eyes
 Share them. And by sharing,
 Own your kinship to the skies.
 Why should one be glad
 When a brother's heart is sad?

If your work is made more easy
 By a friendly helping hand,
 Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
 Ere the darkness veils the land.
 Should a brother workman dear,
 Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness.
 All enriching as you go,
 Leave them. Trust the harvest Giver.
 He will make each seed to grow;
 So until its happy end,
 Your life shall never lack a friend.

—[Selected.]

AN APACHE.

To the Students of Carlisle Indian School.

I have been thinking what would be best to write that might be a help and encouragement to you in your studies this year. I have concluded to relate to you briefly my early schooling and graduation to the degree of Bachelor of Science.

Now, imagine a small Apache boy in the wilds of Arizona, just as happy as a bird, free from every thought of danger.

How little did I think one night would

separate me from my mother, father, sister and brother to live among strangers and be no more free! How little did I realize that the prison life was but the stepping-stone to a more noble aim! A brighter morning dawned at last! So with you all.

In the fall I was taken from the most wretched place and placed in the most of my life in Chicago. My greatest wish was to see the paper talking, as it was interpreted to me. I often saw boys and girls go to school from the school-house. I had no idea that they all had to be taught, but I had a little suspicious idea of the house. One morning, in April, the boy with whom I had associated, persuaded me to come into the school-yard to play marbles by saying that "I could win piles of marbles if I did!" So I consented.

The bell rang for the school to begin. I went in and took a seat. The teacher came forward and asked me if I wanted to attend school. I could not speak English; all I could say was, "yes."

Of course, I naturally said yes to every question. I was taken up to the principal. Here I was questioned and given a small note. This note specified what books I was to get. I left the school feeling as big as ever, and took the note to my guardian. He gave me a few pieces of money to purchase what was necessary. This was the beginning of my education.

At this time I knew not my A, B, C's. I could not count nor understand letters. It was but a few months before I could repeat the Lord's prayer, sing "Precious Jewels" with the scholars, say my A, B, C's and count one hundred, besides write and describe different objects.

I learned as fast as any of the whites, for the reason that the teacher delighted to instruct me.

I left this school and went to another one. Here was the best teacher I ever had in a public school. This lady seemed to comprehend the nature of my circumstances and aid-

Continued on Fourth Page.

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The Indian Helper.

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Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class mail matter.

The INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The-man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

The INDIAN HELPER is paid for in advance, so do not hesitate to take the paper from the Post Office, for fear a bill will be presented.

DRESS SHOWS CHARACTER.

If we see an Indian with a string of scalps at his girdle we infer a savage. So if in the light of all that has been said by the press of this country on the sin and wrong of destroying God's beautiful birds we find a woman in church with a bonnet bearing the bodies or plumage of dead birds, we know that intelligent Christian women will regard it as evidence of gross ignorance or want of heart, and as unbecoming to a place of worship as for the clergyman to carry a shot gun into his pulpit.—[*Our Dumb Animals.*]

"Poverty is uncomfortable as I can testify but, nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man, is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim."—*President Garfield.*

We are grieved to announce the death of Bruce Hayman, of consumption, at the residence of a Friend in Columbia County where he had gone to pay a visit. Bruce was a faithful, excellent, conscientious young man, and his death is sincerely mourned by both pupils and teachers. Miss Bender and Wm. Morgan went to Columbia county, to attend the funeral.

Peter Douville writes from Rosebud Agency to a friend in Carlisle, that he was left in full charge of the store while Mr. Jordan went away on business for a few days. Joe Schwagman was his assistant. That was quite a responsible position and we are only too glad that Peter showed himself capable of filling it. He speaks kindly of his Carlisle experience and seems to appreciate what was done here for his benefit.

Mr. Herbert Johnston, of the Phila. Times, spent a day with us.

Miss Pharo, of Toughkenmon, visited the school for a day or two.

Miss Wilkins' of Mr Bryan's Indian School in Albuquerque, New Mexico, called, on her way west.

LOST:—In the chapel, a black-lace scarf. The finder will please restore it to and oblige the owner, Mrs. Herbert Johnston, now visiting at the Campbells'.

The Indians are rushing their corn to market as rapidly as possible. Decatur gets the lion's share.—[From the *Eaglet*, published in Decatur, near the Omaha reservation in Nebraska.

We are the happy recipients of a dozen or more bright chromos sent by a friend in the country to brighten the little boys' rooms when they get into their new quarters. Many thanks!

Wm. Paisano attended the great meeting of representative officers and men from other nations and our own, held in Chicago recently. He went as 1st. Sergeant of a company of Laguna Pueblos.

Miss Dora Hyde, sister of Miss Hyde who used to be our Girls' mother was married on the 11th inst., to Mr. W. B. Mossman of Brooklyn, N. Y. We all remember Miss Dora and wish for her a great deal of happiness in her new life.

Communications from our pupils are beginning to come in about the teaching of Indian languages in Indian schools. We hope to receive more after the debate and will defer giving the prize for a week or two. Will the girls please write something? It would be a good idea for them to debate the question in their society.

Want of care in not providing against the wind allowed about half the tin placed upon the new gymnasium roof to blow off, Wednesday night. It was thoughtful in Sergeant Wm. Brown to wake up the tinner boys and send them out to save the roof. It was brave and provident in Philip White, James P. Yellow, Brule, Paul Black Bear and Howard S. Bull, without waiting to be told, to get a ladder at two o'clock at night and climb up on the high and dangerous roof and nail down and save that part of the tin which had not blown off.

Exhibition to-night.

The roof is going on the Little Boys' Quarters.

Delay of a few hours in mailing the HELPERS this week was unavoidable.

Miss Irvine found a grandma's cap on her plate one morning this week. Wonder why!

Turn a military corner, boys, when you march around in front on going out of chapel.

Two Sioux letters were received this week by the girls' mother, and not a soul on the grounds could read them.

In setting up the word vice-president one of the printers made the sentence read that so-and-so is nice-president of the Girl's Literary Society. Just so!

At a special collection in our home Sabbath School, of 225 pupils, \$6.34 was raised last Sunday. It is pleasant to see our boys and girls give good gifts when the opportunity offers.

"The-Man-on-the-band-stand better attend to his own affairs," said a person on whose toes she felt he was treading. Just as though every thing in the world was not the Man-on-the-band-stand's affairs!

Nice to have Miss Campbell's piano in the teachers' parlor. As the musicians float out from their meals the temptation to drop in and "play a bit" is often yielded to, very much to the gratification of our music lovers.

That cake which Mrs. Campbell gave to the printers was super-excellent. It had icing all over it, and a bouquet right in the middle, and, Oh, my! How good! We felt "thank you," with every bite.

Johnnie informed the Man-on-the-band stand's chief clerk that a mistake was made last week about his speaking to-night. He is not going to speak, but Richenda and Annie and Don and he are going to sing. The old man is glad when little boys try to correct mistakes and he will discharge his clerks if they are not more careful.

Some of our boys the other morning made an aged mule carry a too heavy load, then beat the poor animal for fun. It was not so funny, though, for the ring-leader, when as a punishment he was required to carry a heavy load for an hour or two, but the mule laughed, and the Man-on-the-band-stand thought the boy was treated just right.

Busy printing *The Morning Star*, this week.

Who is that little girl who never quarrels?

There is something to a girl when she gets up with the birds to practice the piano.

It is reported that Lena Blackbear has married Arnold Woolworth, both returned Arapahoe pupils.

Mrs. Herbert Johnston and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell took tea at the teachers' club last evening, guests of Miss Irvine.

Large boys and all had an excellent "Speak English" report last Saturday night. They are evidently trying their best.

The girls have been spending some of their spare change for pretty pictures to brighten up their rooms. The Man-on-the-band-stand likes that.

The girls feel very independent now that they are running their own Literary Society without the aid of teachers, and the Man-on-the-band-stand is proud of them.

How nice it is to see all the lights go out at once in the Girls' Quarters immediately after the whistle blows for "lights out." Even so at the Boys' Quarters, when the bugle blows.

The Indian Union Debating Club will discuss the question at their next meeting whether or not written Indian languages should be taught to Indian boys and girls in school.

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 13 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card 4 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and tribe of each boy given.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For TEN, Two PHOTOGRAPHS, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in wild dress, and another of the same pupils three years after, or, for the same number of names we give two photographs showing still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents a piece.

Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For FIFTEEN, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE school on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.

At the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-page quarto of standard size, called **The Morning Star**, the mechanical part of which is done entirely by Indian boys. This paper is valuable as a summary of information on Indian matters, and contains writings by Indian pupils, and local incidents of the school. Terms: Fifty cents a year, in advance.

Sample copies sent free.

Address, MORNING STAR, CARLISLE, PA.

For 1, 2, and 3, subscribers for **The Star** we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the HELPER.

Continued from First Page.

of me all she could. I made good advancement in my first reader by taking my books home at night, so that I could be instructed there also.

Most of the reading I committed to memory.

On account of ill health I left this city and went into the country where for two years I walked two and a half miles to school, and worked to earn my board. This was when I was fully nine years of age.

In the spring of 1877, I went to Brooklyn to school. I was by this time sufficiently advanced to study grammar, arithmetic and history. At this school I always stood at the head of my class. I did this by staying at home nights to study; not by standing at corners with some of the white children.

In the fall of 1877, I returned to Urbana, Ill., where I was assisted in my studies with the view of preparing me for the State University. Inside of one year I passed an examination in geometry, algebra, philosophy, book-keeping, botany, composition and physiology.

I made my way in College by paying and by working for my board.

In summer I worked on a farm. This I continued for four years, when I graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Science in the School of Chemistry.

During these years I never have doubted that the great problem of the Indian question is capable of solution if the advantages which were open to me could be extended to all Indian youth.

So with you all. Take care! You are being watched, and time will prove whether you are worthy of being protected and educated.

CARLOS MONTEZUMA.

Medical College,
Chicago, Ill., Oct. 1887.

PERSEVERANCE.

Thirty years ago a barefooted, ragged urchin presented himself before the principal partner of a manufacturing firm in Glasgow, Scotland, and asked for work as errand boy.

"There's a deal o'rinnin' to be dune," said Mr. Blank jestingly, affecting a broad Scotch accent. "Your first qualification wud be a pair o' shoon."

The boy, with a grave nod, disappeared. He lived by doing odd jobs in the market, and slept under one of the stalls. Two months passed before he had saved enough money to buy the shoes. Then he presented himself be-

fore the gentleman one morning, and held out a package.

"I hae the shoon, sir," he said, quietly.

"Oh!" Mr. Blank with difficulty recalled the circumstance. "You want a place? Not in those rags, my lad; you would disgrace the house."

The boy hesitated a moment, and then went out without a word. Six months passed before he returned, decently clothed in coarse but new garments. Mr. Blank's interest was aroused. For the first time he looked at the boy attentively. His thin, bloodless face showed that he had stinted himself of food in order to buy these clothes. The manufacturer now questioned the little fellow closely, and found, to his regret, that he could neither read or write.

"It is necessary that you should do both before we could employ you in carrying home packages," he said, "We have no place for you."

The lad's face grew paler, but without a word of complaint he disappeared. He now went fifteen miles into the country, and found work in stables near a night school. At the end of a year he again presented himself before Mr. Blank.

"I can read and write," he said, briefly.

"I gave him the place," the employer stated, years afterwards, "with the conviction that in process of time he would take mine if he made up his mind to do it. Men rise slowly in Scotch business houses, but he is now our chief foreman."—[*Youth's Companion*.]

Who aims at excellence will be above mediocrity, who aims at mediocrity will fall short of it.

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor the man perfected without trials.

Do not speak of your happiness to those less fortunate than yourself.—*Plutarch*

Puzzle.

There is one thing our boys and girls would like more of for supper. They have *plenty* of it for breakfast and dinner. What it is may be found in the following:

I am made of 5 letters.

My 5, 3, 4, is what we may do with strings.

My 1, 2, 3, 5, is what a girl sometimes says when she wants her friend to stop teasing.

Now if my letters you place aright,

You'll get this puzzle before to-night.